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JOB PRINTING.
Of every description, executed with neatness and
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Handsome printed, kept constantly on hand, and
for sale low.
Messrs. Wm. D. Malone and N. B. Coates,
are our authorized Agents, at Huntsville.

Drugs, Medicines, Books, &c.,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
BY WM. R. SNELSON,
FAYETTE, MO.

JUST received and now opened, a large and
well selected stock of—
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines,
Paints, Dye-stuffs, Perfumery, Glass, &c.,
which having been purchased and carefully selected
by himself in person and will be sold at a great
reduction on former prices.
Particular attention paid to filling orders from
Physicians, with FRESH MEDICINES, at a small ad-
vance on cost.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
A full assortment of School Books of every de-
scription, which will be sold lower than they can
be purchased this side of St. Louis. Arrangements
have been made which will insure at all times a
complete assortment.
Also, MEDICAL, LAW and THEOLOGICAL BOOKS,
NOVELS, Poetical works of different authors, Al-
bums, &c., &c., all of which are offered at prices
that cannot fail to please.
Fayette, May 22d, 1847.

Doct. Wm. Everett,
HAVING located permanently in Fayette, of-
fers his professional services to the citizens
of the place and vicinity.
Residence 24 door below the Bank.
Fayette, April 10th, 1847.

Doct. A. S. Dinwiddie,
GRATEFUL for past patronage, still continues
to offer his MEDICAL SERVICES to the
citizens of Howard County.
Office on the South East side of the public
square, where he can usually be found in the day;
at night—at his residence, 3d door below the Bank.
Fayette, April 10th, 1847.

L. D. Brewer,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL attend to any business entrusted to
him—in the Second Judicial District.
REFERENCES.

Brown & Bushnell, Quincy, Illinois.
A. W. Monroon, Esq., Fayette.
Col. J. Davis.
W. Pickett, Benton, Miss.
Col. P. H. Fountain, Pontotock, Miss.
McCampbell & Coates, Huntsville, Mo.
Office—McCampbell's Buildings, Huntsville,
Mo. [Randolph Co., Dec. 12th, '46. 40—1y]

EMANUEL DERON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Druggist and Apothecary,
No. 48 N. Main Street,
AND
Corner of Eighth Street and Franklin Avenue,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Fresh Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs,
Window Glass, Glassware, Soap.

PERFUMERY, AND PATENT MEDICINES,
Cheap for Cash.
St. Louis, October 16th, 1847. 32—1y

Benjamin H. Twombly,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL practice in the Courts of Howard,
Randolph, Chariton and Carroll counties.
Office on the west side of the Public Square.
Fayette, Howard Co., Mo., May 2d, 1847. 34—1y

R. E. TERRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FAYETTE, MO.

WILL faithfully and promptly attend to all
business entrusted to his care, in the
Courts of Howard, Boone, Cooper, Saline, Chariton,
Randolph and Macon counties.
Office west side of the public square.
Fayette, October 2d, 1847. 30—4f

DR. KUECKELHAN'S
INFALLIBLE
WORM POWDERS.

THE composition of this invaluable antidote,
being simple and harmless to the constitu-
tion, is of such certain efficacy in the expulsion
of worms, that the inventor of it, actuated by the
strongest motives of benevolence, feels desirous to
promulgate its character.

Frustrated too often by the uncertain effect and
frequent failure, as well of the common and simple
drugs for worms, as of the numerous secret
compounds and patent vermifuges, he has, after
an extensive use of these powders for fifteen years,
deemed his success worthy of being now, and in-
duced by the solicitation of thousands, offers it to
the public at large, confident himself of contributing a
mite to the public good.

This compound, although bearing its name from
its antihelminthic quality only, is equally valuable
in all disorders that originate in morbid obstruc-
tions and congestions in the bowels. The effect
of it is thoroughly purgative, and therefore it is
a judicious prescription not only for certain classes
of indigestion, dyspepsia and gastric fevers, but
a variety of diseases created by sympathy of the
primary affected organ with the sensual and other
particular organs come under its reach. Peculiar
sore eyes, glandular swellings of the abdomen
and neck, chronic eruptions of the skin, pain
in the joints in children, &c., are cured with these
powders.

For the purpose of establishing the proof of
this assertion, a few of the many certificates that
might have been procured were added to the first
issue of this medicine, and are only augmented
therefore, on the reprint of the labels the inventor
allows himself to add only, that the ten thousand
packages (each containing ten ordinary doses)
which he put up two years ago, have been sold and
used to such satisfaction, that he now is putting up
a sufficient quantity to accommodate more distant
agents.

The inventor of these powders recommends the
use of them in particular for children. Their
weaker digestion, their greater and unregulated
appetite and their diet, predisposes them to
accumulations of crudities and mucous
sediments in the bowels, and therefore subjects
them to all the thousand distressing symptoms of
indigestion and its consequences.
Directions are found on the wrappers of the
packages.

Price 25 cents.—For sale at Dr. Snelson's
Drug Store and Criglar's Hotel.
Fayette, September 18th, 1847. 28—8m

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 8.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847.

No. 37.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER.

With the commencement of the 30th Con-
gress, we propose to continue the Congress-
al Register on the same plan as published dur-
ing the last session. It will contain a full and
accurate report of the business proceedings of
Congress, together with sketches of the de-
bates which take place in each house. The
next Congress will be one of the most impor-
tant which has assembled for years, and it is
our determination to give to the people a com-
plete history of their proceedings, and at such
a low price that every person who takes an
interest in the acts of that body can procure a
copy. It is believed that the 1st session of the
30th Congress will continue at least 8 months;
and we therefore propose to issue weekly, on a
mammoth sheet, octavo form their proceedings
at the unprecedented low rate of
One dollar per copy for the session.

THE WEEKLY UNION FOR THE SESSION.

This publication is not only the cheapest, but
it contains more valuable reading matter than
is to be found in any other Weekly published
at the same price in the country. Besides the
politics of the day, it contains all the late and
important news, both foreign and domestic; and
its commercial articles are not unequalled. It will
also contain a complete synoptical summary of
the proceedings of both Houses of Congress,
and be furnished to subscribers at the low rate of

\$1.25 per copy for the session.

Clubs will be furnished with 10 copies for
ten dollars.

All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Postmasters, by sending us five subscribers for
either of the above publications, will be entitled
to one copy GRATIS.

Subscription price of Daily Union

per year, \$10 00

Subscription price of Semi-Weekly

published tri-weekly during the

sessions of Congress, 5 00

Subscription price of Weekly

Clubs will be furnished with

5 copies of the Daily for \$40 00

5 do do Semi-Weekly 20 00

10 do do do 35 00

5 do do Weekly 8 00

10 do do do 15 00

DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS may forward us money
by letter, the postage on which will be paid by
us, and all the risk assumed by ourselves in its
safe transmission.

Postmasters are authorized to act as our
agents; and by sending us five Daily subscrib-
ers with \$50 enclosed, or five Semi-Weekly
subscribers with \$25 enclosed, or five Weekly
subscribers with \$10 enclosed, will be entitled
to one copy of the same edition as they furnish
us subscribers for, GRATIS.

NOTICE.—Newspapers, by publishing our pro-
spectus, with this notice attached, until the 1st of
December next, will receive, during the next ses-
sion of Congress, the Congressional Register and
Tri-Weekly Union.
Washington City, 1847.

Staple Dry Goods.

Cotton Yarns (all numbers).
Brown Domestic (all widths and qualities).
Bed Tickings, Diapers, Towellings,
Irish Linens and Long Lawns,
Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings,
White, Red and Spotted Flannels,
Bed, Coat, Negro and Saddle Blankets, &c.,
A large stock of Shaws for sale unusually
low by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

Hardware and Cutlery.

Collins' Axes, (all sizes)
Traces, log and fifth chains,
Hinges and Screws,
Locks, Latches, and Bolts,
Coffee Mills, waiters,
Fire Irons, Adirons,
Frying pans, Sadirons,
Knives and Forks, and Knives in general,
Hatchets and Hammers, with most other ar-
ticles usually called for, just received and for
sale low by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

JUST received and for sale unprecedentedly
low, a fine lot of
Rich Cashmere D'Cosse,
Muslin De Laines,
Plain, figured and striped Alpaccas,
Monterey Plaids and Gingham,
American, French and British Prints, &c.,
&c., comprising a very choice assortment of such
goods.
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

JUST opened a remarkably fine variety of
Fur, Plush, Cloth and Glazed Caps,
embracing all the new and desirable styles, for
sale very low by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

BOOKS—School Books, Quills, Letter and
Foolscap paper, Wafers, Slates and Pencils,
Ink Stands, &c. JAMES B. O'TOOLE.
Fayette, October 30th, 1847.

Waterproof

CLOAKS, Leggings, Saddle bags, Travelling
bags, &c., &c., for sale by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

Varieties.

COMBS, Brushes, Shaving Soaps,
Blacking, Pins, Needles, and all other small
wares, for sale by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

Gold Pens.

A few very superior Gold Pens and Cases,
for sale by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

A general assortment of

HATS

including some of the finest ever brought to this
market. Also, low priced, medium and fine
Russia, Fur and Wool Hats,
all at low prices. SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

A good assortment of

Boots and Shoes,

Coarse, medium and fine—all for sale at very low
prices for the season.
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, October 9th, 1847.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

BY A FREE THINKER.

The Farmer, he lives by the sweat of his brow,
Depends on the goodness of God and his plough.
The Mechanic, he lives with a noble, true heart,
Depends for his bread, on his skill and his art.
The Preacher, he's busy, the Devil to head,
Depends on his warfare alone for his bread.
The Doctor, he lives by his drops and his pills:
When sickness prevails, his purse then he fills.
The Dandy, poor creature, he don't live at all,
But laced up like a monkey, makes sport for all.
The Drunkard, he lives like a hog in the mire,
His bread is confusion, his drink is wet fire.
The Lawyer, poor soul, has a task to perform,
The good to keep straight, the bad to reform.
The Dram-Seller spreads vice, destruction and
woe:

Poor soul, to old Nick he must certainly go.
The Clerk makes his income by bits and by picks:
The Politician lives by deception and by tricks.
Taverns—are you weary, wet, hungry or dry,
Uncle Lewis is ready, your wants to supply.
The Merchant, he travels the world far and wide,
To make cash for himself, and for us to provide.
The Jews they have settled, in Fayette, I am told,
And swear they have goods cheaper than ever
was sold.

The Cocker, poor fellow, he pegs and he sews,
And works night and day, to make us good shoes,
The School Master labors, the youth to improve,
And teach them all blessings come down from
above.

The innocent Females, like angels below,
A blessing alike, to the rich and the poor.
To men they were given, his cares to divide,
His duty it then is for them to provide.
The Printers are "sentinels" placed on the wall
Of the Fort of our Freedom, they labor for all—
The star-spangled banner they fight to uphold,
Then hand them out freely, your Silver and Gold.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY
OF MEXICO.**
BY BRANTZ MAYER, OF BALTIMORE.

It was the middle of November, but
there was a May mildness in the atmos-
phere. The sky was of that deep ultra-
marine blue peculiar to elevated regions.
As I ranged my eyes down the street from
my balcony, the town was alive with a
population; the windows of the houses
stood open; fair women strolled homeward
from mass; old monks shuffled along in
their cowed robes; the butcher urged
along his ass with its peripatetic stall hung
around with various meats; freshly-leaved
flowers and trees in the court-yards, of
which I caught glimpses through the open
portals; and in the balconies lounged the
early risers, enjoying a sugar after their
cup of chocolate. It was a lively and
beautiful scene, worthy of the pencil of
that master-painter of cities, Canaletti,
who would have delighted in the remark-
able transparency and purity of the atmos-
phere, through which the distant hills,
some twenty miles off, seemed but a bar-
rier at the end of the street.

The plan of the city of Mexico is pre-
cisely that of a checker-board, with a
great variety of squares. Straight streets
cross each other at right angles, and at
regular intervals. The houses are painted
with gay colors—light blue, fawn and
green, interspersed with pure white, which
remains long unstained in the dry atmos-
phere.

The view of all these from the elevated
tower of the cathedral (to which I soon
repaired after my arrival in the capital)
presents a mass of domes, steeples and
flat roofed dwellings, frequently covered,
like hanging gardens, with flowers and
foliage. Beyond the gates (which you
would scarcely think bounded a population
of 200,000) the vast plain stretches out on
every side to the mountains, traversed in
some places by long lines of aqueducts
sweeping to the city from the hills, and
others with lakes, cultivation and beautiful
groves, until the distant view is closed by
the volcanoes, whose snows rest against
the blue sky, uncovered at this season by
a single cloud.

Below is the great square of the Plaza,
a large paved area—fronted on the north
by the cathedral, on the east by the Na-
tional Palace (the residence of the Presi-
dent), to the south of which, again, are the
museum, and a stone edifice recently built
in tasteful style for a market. The corner
stone of this was laid after I arrived in
Mexico, and before I left the building was
nearly completed. Until that time, the
fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and most of
the necessities of the table had been sold
on that spot in shambles and booths built
of bamboo and reeds, sheltered from the
rain and sun by thatched roofs. In the
south-western corner of the square, the
Parian, an unsightly building, (erected I
believe, since the revolution,) greatly mars
the effect of the Plaza. It is a useful estab-
lishment, however, as it affords a large
revenue to the municipality, and is the
great bazaar where every article requisite
for the dress of Mexicans, male or female,
may be purchased at reasonable prices.
On the pavement which runs round sit
numbers of coachmen whose stands are in
the neighborhood, and crowds of women
with ready made shoes.

LETTER WRITERS.

Not the least curious, however, among
the multitude with which the side walks
are generally thronged are about a dozen
"evangelists," or letter-writers, whose post

is always on the curbstone of the eastern
front of the Parian. A huge jug of ink
is placed beside him, a board rests across
his knees, a pile of different colored pa-
per (most of which is either cut Valen-
tine fashion, or flourished over and adorned
with pen and ink ornaments) is placed on
it, and on a stool, before him sits some dis-
consolate-looking damsel or heart broken
lover, pouring out a passion which the
scribe puts in becoming phraseology. It
is an important trade, and more money is
made in Mexico by this proxy making
love than perhaps anywhere else. You
have a "declaration" for one rial; a scold-
ing letter for a medio, and an upbraiding
epistle; full of daggers, jealousy, love and
tenderness, (leaving the unfortunate recipi-
ent in a very distracted state of mind.)
done upon azure paper, besprinkled with
hearts and doves, for the ridiculous price
of twenty-five cents!

West of the Parian, and all around the
southern and western sides of the Plaza, or
those portions of it which are directly
occupied by the cathedral and National
Palace, run the arched portals, similar to
the arcade of Bologna. These are filled
with gay shops, peddlers, cafes, old clothes,
toys, flower-vendors, sweetmeats, book
stalls, cutlers, curiosity-hunters, antiquities
(veritable and doubtful) and the usual
crowd of loungers and quidnuncs. Here
the last revolution, or the probability of a
new one, is in continual discussion by
knobs of idlers. Above stairs, in some of
the dwellings, are gambling-houses, as for-
merly in the Palais Royal, with which the
scene here presented does not, of course,
vie in taste or splendor.

EXCHANGE AND CATHEDRAL.

Opposite to the southern end of the
Parian, is the Casa Municipal, or town hall,
in the lower story of which is the
Lonja, (the Exchange of the merchants of
Mexico,) a noble room.

The cathedral occupies a space of 500
feet by 420 front. The main altar is not
erected against the wall, but near the cen-
tre of the edifice, beneath the dome. From
this, extending around the choir probably
two hundred feet, there is a rail between
four and five feet high, and of proportion-
able thickness, composed of gold and sil-
ver, and a small alloy of brass. This is
surmounted with silver statues for candles.
In front of the altar is the choir, itself a
church, built of dark wood of the rarest
antique carving. The altar, (placed upon
a marble platform, elevating it from the
floor of the building, and covered with
gold and silver ornaments, candlesticks and
crosses,) is of wrought and polished silver;
and the whole is surmounted by a small
temple, in which rests the figure of the
Virgin of Remedios, who enjoys the exclu-
sive right of three petticoats—one em-
broided with pearls, another with emer-
alds, and a third with diamonds—the value
of which, I am credibly informed, is not
less than three millions of dollars! This,
you will recollect, is one part of one church
in Mexico, and that one said not to be the
richest.

SUBURBS—LEPEROS.

Passing from the cathedral door to the
south-eastern portion of the city, you reach
the outskirts, crossing in your way the
canals from the lake. I have rarely seen
such miserable suburbs; they are filled with
hovels built with sun-dried bricks, often
worn with the weather to the shape of holes
in the mud, while on their earthen floors
crawl, cook, live and multiply, the wretched
looking population of lepers. This word,
I believe, is not the pure Spanish, but is
derived originally, it is said, from the Castil-
lean lepera, or leper; and although they do
not suffer from that loathsome malady,
they are quite as disgusting.

Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair
grow long and tangled, or become filled
with vermin; let him plod about the streets
in all kinds of dirt for years, and never
know the use of brush, or towel, or water
even, except in storms; let him put on a
pair of leather breeches at twenty, and
wear them until forty, without change or
ablation; and over all place a torn and black-
ened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed
with abominations; let him have wild eyes
and shining teeth, and features pinched by
famine to sharpness; breast bared and
brown, and (if female) with two or three
miniatures of the same species tottering
after her, and another centrally strapped
to her back; combine all these in your im-
agination, and you have a receipt for a
Mexican leper.

There on the canals, around the markets
and pulque shops, the Indians and these
miserable outcasts hang all day long, feed-
ing on fragments, quarreling, drinking,
stealing and lying drunk about the pavements,
with their children crying with
hunger around them. At night they slink
off to these suburbs, and coil themselves
up on the damp floors of their lairs, to
sleep off the effects of liquor, and to awake
to another day of misery and crime. Is it
wonderful, in a city with an immense pro-
portion of its inhabitants of such a class,
(hopeless in the present and future,) that
there are murderers and robbers?

INDIANS.

In the Indian population which pours
into the capital from the lakes, I must say
that there is apparently more worth and
character. You see them lolling about in
their boats on the canals, and passing and
repassing in their canoes, plying between
the city and Chalco and Tezaco. It is a
beautiful sight to behold these tiny vessels
skim like floating gardens to the quays in
the morning, laden to the water's edge
with the fruits, flowers and vegetables, that
hide the skiff that bears them. The old
houses in this neighborhood, rising out of

the canals, the sluggish waters, and the dark
multitude of the better classes in fanciful
dresses, remind one strongly of Venice.

Skirting the canal, and leading to the
plain which adjoins the Chenampas, or
former floating gardens, is the Paseo de la
Vega, a public drive frequented by the beau
mode, both in coach and on horseback,
during the season of Lent. Scarcely an
afternoon passes, at that period of the year,
when the observer will not find the canal
covered with gay boat-loads of Indians,
passing homeward from market, singing,
dancing, laughing, strumming the guitar,
and crowned with wreaths of poppies. I
do not know the origin of the custom of
wearing the forgetful flower, but it is both
a healthier and more poetic oblivion than
that resorted to by many folks in other
lands, after a day of toil. Turning once
more westward, we again reach the great
square. The departure of the President
from the palace has attracted a crowd.
The adjoining market, ever filled with peo-
ple, pours forth its multitudes in the square.
First, there is the equador, or water carrier
with his two earthen jars: one suspended
by a leathern belt thrown round his fore-
head, and resting on his back, and the other
suspended from the back of his head in
front of him, preserving the equilibrium.
Next there is the Indian, with a huge crop
of chickens and turkeys, or a crate of
earthenware, or a pannier of oranges,
borne on his back like the equador's jars.
Then a woman with peas, or ducks, or fish
from the lake; another with potatoes;
another drives along a poor stunted ass,
laden with radishes and onions; and all
the members of this motley crowd are cry-
ing their wares and merchandise at the top
of their voice. It is a Babel.

Amid the throng treads onward, with
steps majestic, the queenly Spanish woman;
by her side is a friar, and hard by
a couple of priests in their graceful black
cloaks and shovel hats. In the shadow of
a pillar of the portals sneaks a miserable
looking wretch, wrapped in his tattered
blanket—a leper, porter, beggar, thief, as
the occasion offers; and he takes advantage
of the latter employment, in this moment
of excitement, to ease an unsuspecting
stranger of his handkerchief.

A tinkle of a bell at the door of the
cathedral sacristy, and a roll of drums call-
ing out the guard of honor at the palace
gate, give warning of a change of scene.
Slowly issues a gaily painted coach, with
glass windows on all sides, drawn by spotted
mules; a priest in his vestments sits within—a
band of boys walk on each side, chant-
ing a hymn; and in a moment, a death-
like stillness pervades the whole square.
From the tradesmen, selling his wares under
the portals, to the thief, who has barely
time to conceal the handkerchief in his
dirty blanket, the whole crowd is uncover-
ed and kneeling: the host is passing to the
house of some dying Catholic. The carriage
turns a corner, and the square is
alive again—the tradesman to sell, the leper
to steal, and the lesson of death is for-
gotten forever.

THE ALAMEDA.

Turning westward from the square, we
reach the Alameda, a very short walk
through the Calle Plateros, a street filled
with the shops of goldsmiths, watchma-
kers, French hair-dressers, French cooks,
French milliners, French carvers and gild-
ers, and French print-sellers; and we pass
on our way the rich convent of the Pro-
fessa, or ex-Jesuits, and the more splendid
one of the blue robed monks of Saint
Francis. The Alameda is a beautiful grove
of forest trees, planted on about ten acres
of soft and luxuriant soil. The wood,
which is walled and protected by gates
closed every evening as the bells toll for
oracion, is intersected with walks and sur-
rounded by a carriage road. Fountains
fling up their water where the paths cross
each other, and the ground beneath the
full-grown tree is filled with flowers and
shrubbery.

The great centre fountain is surrounded
by a gilded figure of Liberty, and gilded
lions spout forth the water at his feet.
This, and the other smaller jets, in pleas-
anter and more secluded nooks, are circled
with stone seats. It is the fashion to
come here in carriages and on horseback
every evening, (except during Lent) and
to drive round and round the enclosure, on
the soft roads in the dense shade, until the
vesper-bell—or to draw up in a line on the
side of one of the highways, while the
cavalliers pass up and down in review, or
prattle away half an hour at the coach
window of some renowned belle.

But there can be nothing more delightful
than a walk here during the early morning.
There is a freshness then in the air—a quiet
and peacefulness that are found at no other
time of the day. The student comes with
his book; the priest from his early mass;
the nurse with her baby; the sentimental
miss, to sigh for her lover, (and perhaps to
see him) the dyspeptic, to earn an appe-
tite for his breakfast; the monk, the lounge-
r, and even the laborers stop for a moment
beneath the refreshing shades to take breath
for the coming day. It is almost Druidical
in the solemn stillness of its groves, placed
in the midst of a population of two hun-
dred thousand. Even the birds seem to
have been assured—scared from the plains,
they are here in a sanctuary, and no pro-
fane hand dares touch them. They consent
consequently planted, as if by consent of
each other, distinct colonies in different
parts of the wood; the owl, sitting on her
branch, in one place; the doves, making
love the business of their lives in another;
the mocking birds making a third spot a
perfect choir; and innumerable sparrows,
chats and wrens, like so many Paul Prys, chat-
tling and pattering about with an intru-

sive pertinacity through the dominions of
all the rest.

Directly west of the Alameda and on
the same street, is the Paseo Nuevo, another
delightful drive of a mile in length, bor-
dered with paths and trees, and divided
by fountains adorned with statuary and
sculpture. Passing out of the western gate
of the Alameda the fashionable every
evening take a turn or two along this
drive. On festivals it is crowded. All the
equipages of the city must be there, and
it is the mode for every person of con-
sideration, or who desires consideration,
to possess an equipage. It is not thought
exactly proper for a lady ever to walk
except to mass—or sometimes when she
goes shopping. The coach, therefore, on
all gala days is sure to appear in the
Paseo, with its fair burden dressed in the
French style as for a dinner party or a
ball. When I first arrived in Mexico, it
was rare to see a bonnet on such occasions;
but that awkward appendage of fashion-
able costumes was becoming gradually in
vogue before I left.

For an hour or more, it is the custom to
pass up and down the sides of the Paseo,
nodding and smiling at the cavaliers, who
show off their horsemanship along the cen-
tre of the road. Here the utmost luxury
and style are exhibited in the equipment of
carriage and animals. Gold embroidery,
silver plating, and every ornament that can
add splendor to harness and livery are
brought forth. To such an extent is the
taste for these exhibitions carried, that one
of the millionaires of Mexico appears occa-
sionally at the Paseo, on a saddle which,
(without counting the value of the rest of
his equipage,) cost the sum of five thou-
sand dollars. It was the *chef d'œuvre* of
an honest German saddler, who made it,
and retired from trade to his "father land."

On approaching this charming drive, the
whole plain of the valley of Mexico is at
once revealed to you, without passing a dirty
suburb. On your right is the express-
covered and castle-crowned hill of Chapulte-
pec, formerly the site of one of Monte-
zuma's palaces; before you and behind
stretch two immense aqueducts—the one
coming from the hills, the other from a
greater distance, near Tacubaya, and
screening that village as it leans against the
first slopes of the western mountains. On
your left are the volcanoes, on whose sum-
mits the last rays of sunset are resting.
The gay throng disperses, as the moon rises
from behind the mountains, pouring a flood
of clear light, bright as the day in other
lands, over the tranquil landscape. The
moonlight of Mexico is marvellously beau-
tiful. That city, you remember, is 7,500
feet above the sea, and nearly that number
of feet closer the stars than we are; the at-
mosphere, consequently is more rarified,
and the light comes, as it were, pure and
pellucid from heaven; you seem able to
touch the